

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—John Brown of Osawatomie.

SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 16, 1860.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1860.

Our last letter left Mr. Hyatt in prison, where his incarceration is not only working out the result designed by the Senate—a punishment for contempt of its authority—but something more, for he has already investigated and made public some of the affairs transacted in the National Slave Pen alias Washington City Jail, but his defense pending his investigation yet farther. He has already bought out of the prison one slave, brought out another, and forged out a third. Having the means at his command, he employs a portion of them in such enterprises, and we suspect the Senate will discover all that, it might not be long before it commences.

A CONTRARY.

Having seen how the U. S. Senate treats white men, we behold at the Executive Mansion an estimate of progress in the practical recognition of "higher equality"—to use a pet phrase of the Democracy—that ought to be horrifying to every lover of conservatism. A few years since a great outcry was raised against the abolitionists of Philadelphia, because in the meetings held in Pennsylvania Hall, blacks and whites were seated promiscuously; and to deepen the intensity of the excitement, and fan it into a flame that should consume the fabled Hall, it was asserted that blacks and whites were even walking together! On Friday we were at the White House, and just as we were leaving the door some very genteel carriages drove up, and from them descended several military officers dressed in uniform, and quite a number of swarthy-hued individuals whose complexion had been barred against them every entrance into respectable society in the North, commended them to the Jim Crow car for travel, and to the Negro Pew for worship. Our surprise was greatly increased by seeing with what distinguished consideration the official representatives of the U. S. Government treated these niggers, actually walking with them arm in arm. And we were informed that the President had so utterly forgotten what belonged to his official station as to demean himself by asking them to dinner.—How have the mighty fallen! James Buchanan, the chosen of the Democracy, eating with niggers, and hob-nobbing with men, whose complexion, in any Southern State would be *prima facie* evidence they were chattel personal!

EXPLANATORY.

Should we add a note just here, stating that the individuals referred to comprise the Japanese embassy, the master will be somewhat explained; and though such conduct cannot be reconciled with the professions of the Democratic party upon the ground of principle, it may be seen to harmonize with diplomatic policy. Although Mr. Kent, of South Carolina, may not be a god-ordained prophet, we suspect he was not far from the truth when he declared, "We will treat these fellows well now, but in a few years we will buy and sell them as we do any other niggers."

SHORT SKETCH.

Sightseeing at Washington, like sightseeing at any other place, is a sublime pleasure, especially where there is much to be seen, and not much time to see it. We hastily did the Capitol, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institute, the White House, Washington Monument &c, all of which may be found fully described in any of the guide books prepared for visitors to the Capital. As we do not recognize the obligation of every visitor to Washington who can write a letter, to describe what has already been described ten thousand times, we shall neither spend ink, paper, nor time in the effort to do so.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In the Patent Office can be seen the original of the Declaration of American Independence. Although the writing in the body of the instrument is distinctly legible, the signatures have almost entirely faded out, even that of John Hancock being scarcely visible. It would be well, perhaps, that the names of these worthless should entirely disappear, and their names be forgotten, since the principles, for the maintenance of which they pledged their lives, fortunes and honor, are practically ignored by their descendants.

HALLS OF LEGISLATION.

Ten or three hours passed in the Senate Chamber, and in the Hall of the Lower House was sufficient for the gratification of our curiosity, and enables us to say that we have seen both branches of Congress in session. In the Representatives Hall we heard the concluding portion of the Chaplain's prayer, and witnessed the opening of the body. Had the members of any debating club in the West received with such inattention the reading of the minutes of their Secretary, we should have said they were utterly unaccustomed in manners, and unfit to conduct such an association. One could not tell from the behavior of the Honorable gentlemen that the House had been organized, loquaciously around, talking with their friends, and even laughing aloud, was the chief indication of their presence.

In the Senate we heard a portion of the speech of Mr. Crittenden—that is, we heard the sound of his voice, and were able occasionally catch a word, and semi-comprehend a sentence. If our experience in the galleries of both Houses was worth anything, we should say they were made rather for seeing than hearing, or else the voice of most of those whom we heard speak was designed rather for silence than utterance in such a place. Indeed, we were repeatedly assured that the reading of Congressional proceedings in the Globe, was far more interesting than actual presence at the debates.

THE MONUMENT.

Among other sights we beheld was the Washington Monument—the great national testimonial of a people's reverence and gratitude, and copies of whose pictorial representation of what it is to be when finished, are scattered broadcast throughout the land. "What is that?" queried one of our party, pointing to a white shaft in the distance which was surmounted by an iron fixture of some kind. We looked, and behold what remained of us: "We had been at Cleveland, and replied, "It looks like a light house." Imagine our mortification on afterward discovering it to be the veritable unfinished Washington Monument in whose behalf orators have spoken, poets have written, and U. S. postmasters collected subscriptions. The structure is said to be based on sandy foundation, which has already so yielded

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to the pressure upon it, that it is affirmed the finishing of the monument would finish it in more sense than one.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Some of the public buildings are handsome; but the unfinished condition of the Capitol is a feature of broken architecture anything but attractive. A similar condition in an ancient edifice would be interesting, for one might ponder over and morn over its ruins. Amid all the beauty of the Capitol—and there is much to admire—and in view of the elaborate design and finish of many of the buildings of State, there even comes rolling up like surges breaking upon the shores of the sea, the thought of the lavish expenditure of the people's money in their construction, and of the base uses to which their occupants have prostituted the Executive, Judicial and Legislative power conferred upon them, and how wholly the interests of the people and the rights of humanity have been trampled in the dust by those who should have been the first to protect and vindicate them.

THEODORE PARKER.

Last week one of our Dailies brought us a beautiful tribute to the mental power and attainments of Theodore Parker by Wendell Phillips, which we immediately transferred to our columns. In the same speech was the following testimonial to his moral worth. Each is a gem which will bear a separate setting.

"When some Americans die—when most Americans die—their friends tire the public with excuses. They confess this spot, they explain that stain, they plead circumstances as the half justification of that mistake, and they beg us to remember that nothing but good is to be spoken of the dead. We need no such mantle for that green grave under the sky of Florence. No excuses—no explanations—no spot. Friend malice has scanned every inch of his garments, it was assumed, it could find no stain. History, as in the case of every other of her beloved children, gathers into her bosom the arrows which malice had shot at him, and says to posterity, 'Behold the title due to your gratitude!' (Applause). We ask no moment to excuse, there is nothing to explain. What the snarling journals thought bold, that the selfish politician feared as his rain—was God's seal set upon his apostleship. The little life glorified across him like the moon when it goes over the vault; it is gone, and the royal sun shines out brilliant as ever. (Applause)."

"When I returned from New York, on the twelfth day of this month, I was to have been honored by standing in his dock, but illness prevented my fulfilling the appointment. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. As he sank away the same week, under the fair sky of Italy, he said to the most loving of wives and of nurses, 'Let me be buried where I fall' and with tender and thoughtful care, she selected four o'clock of that same Sunday to put all that was left of his dust into kindred dust of brass, classic Italy. Four o'clock. The same sun that looked upon the half-dozed mourner that permitted to follow him to the grave, that same moment of brightness lighted up the arches of his own Temple, as one whom he had stepped into his own dock, and with remarkable coincidence, for the only time during his sickness, opened one of his own sermons to supply my place; and as his friend read the Beatitudes over his grave on the banks of the Arno, his dearest friend read from his own hand-writing the text, 'Tixer Goo.' It is said that in his last hours, in the wandering of that masterly brain, he murmured, 'There are two Theodore Parkers; one rises here, dying, but the other lives and is at work at home.' How true! at that very moment, he was speaking to his usual thousands; at that very instant his own words were floating over the hearts of those that loved him best, and bidding them, in this, the lastest hour of their bereavement, 'Trust God.'

"Lord Bacon said in his will, 'I leave my name and memory to foreign lands, and to my own countrymen, after some time past.' No more fitting words could be chosen, if the modesty of the friend who had just gone before us would have permitted him to adopt them for himself.—Today, even within twenty-four hours, I have seen symptoms of that repentance which Johnson describes:

"The nations slowly wise and manly just, To buried merit raise the tardy dust."

TERRIBLE TORNADOES.

The country has been visited by the most terrible storms this season that have ever been known. Portions of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York have felt their destructive power. The loss of human life has been immense—several hundred persons, including those at different places, are said to have been instantly destroyed, while a multitude of others have been seriously injured. The destruction of property is beyond computation. The scenes of these disasters is said to be larger than description, and the descriptions are such as to almost beggar belief. In the single town of Camanche, Iowa, thirty two dead bodies were taken from the ruins. We can conceive of nothing more terrible than these tornadoes.

BURNING OF SLAVES.

By the following item from Augusta, Georgia, bearing date of June 12th, it will be seen that the people of that place have been inquiring into another *ad hoc* fit.

"A man named Wm. Smith, a painter in Oglethorpe county, Ga., was murdered by a slave on Saturday. The slave was apprehended, and *burned at the Stake on Monday*."

Southern members of Congress, especially those from Georgia are expected to be utterly oblivious to the above fact. Whenever charges are made that slaves are sometimes burned, they indignantly deny the allegation, and pronounce it a vile abolition libel, and so it is, on the legal principle sometimes recognized that the greater the truth the greater the libel.

"With this issue we resign our post, as the editor has just returned to his health and spirits, having had a delightful trip, and a pleasant visit with his Eastern friends."

The TYCOON or JAPAN is reported, by the latest advices from that country, to have been assassinated.

At the time of the Brooks assault, Mr. Sumner had not really finished his speech on Kansas and slavery. The South Carolina bludgeon delayed its conclusion longer than he anticipated, but we have it now, none the weaker, none the less effective for having been deferred. Neither the slave-holders in the South, nor their apologists in the North can deny in fact, or overturn its logic. It is wiser and better for them to make no attempt at reply, but suffer their foes to go it alone, and baffle in silence the judgment of an awakening humanity, and a returning sense of justice.

A CLEAR CASE OF AMALGAMATION.—A large number of colored people, children and adults, indulged in a picnic at the Park Friday. They marched through the city headed by a German Democratic band, which seemed to play as loudly

and joyously as if marching a regiment of Ohio volunteer militia. The Democracy should attend to this. What right have colored people to march after white music?—*O. S. Journal*.

this speech as a campaign document—it is too far above their standard to be readily converted into party material. Indeed, some of their leaders have already declared the speech had better not have been made, and we do not wonder at their conclusion, for it will complicate matters somewhat, and just now the discussion of any moral question, connected with politics, is a little more than parity success will bear.

HYMENIAL.

On the 9th inst., by Richard Garrison, Esq., ISAAC TRECOTT, to Miss DEBORAH B. BENTLEY.

Receipts for the Bugle from May 14, to Isaac 12.

And Hayball, Adrian	\$2.00	843
Paul Tabor,	1.00	749
William Watson, Lowellville	1.50	816
S. B. Weary, Akron	1.00	801
John Frost, Philadelphia	1.00	799
John Dewey, Franklin Mills	2.00	762
Hannah Howell, Selma	1.50	813
Orra Brown, Canfield	1.50	849

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE,
\$1.50 PER ANNUM, INvariably IN
ADVANCE.

FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE
VARIETY STORE.

E. E. BARR.

Having been to the East, takes pleasure in announcing to her numerous customers, and the public generally, that she has just returned with a more complete and extensive stock, than ever before; among which will be found,

White and Brown Muslins, Ginghams, Drapery, *Polka*, *Charlott*, *Charlie*, *Mohair* Plaid, *Madame* and *Laurel* Cloth, Striped Drapery, *Chambray* Ginghams, *Laurel*, *Marseille*, by the yard and for

Trimming, Embroidered Skirings, Irish Linen, Bird Eye Diaper, Corset Gear, *Mannequin*, Cotton Tweed, *Jackpot* Muslin, Swiss Muslin, Cambrie, Hair Cord, Blanket, Indian Bullion Books, *Hainsock* and *Patent* Books, *Handkerchiefs*, *Queens*, *Lawn* *French* and *Silk* *Blouses*, *Match* *Sashes*, *Gloves*, *Silk* and *Lisle* *Thread*.

Ladies' *Guards*, *Kid* *Finis*, *Kid* and *Thread* *Gloves*, *Mohair* and *Silk* *Mits*, *Gen's* and *Boy's* *Silk* and *Linen* *Handkerchiefs*, *Shirt* *Boots*, *Rubber*, *Dressing*, *Neck* *Pocket*, *Curt* and *Twist* *Combs*, *Embroidery* *Sisters*, *Wood*, *Steel* and *Bone* and *Knitting* *Needles*, *Moravian* and *Embroidery* *Cotton*, *Stellato*, *Tatting* *Shetland*, *Knitting* *Needles*, *Suspender*, *Flax* and *Sewing* *Bills*, *White*, *Drab* and *Blue* *Cotton Yarn*, *Silk* *Oil Cloth*, *Infants* *Rubber Cloth*, *Buttons* of all kinds, *Hoop* *Skirts* and *Hoops*, *Perfumery*, *Corsets*, *Stock* *Ties*, *Dress* *Shields*, *Hosiery* for *Gents*, *Ladies* and *Children*; *Needles*, *Pins*, *Tape*, *Toys* and *Novelties* of every kind.

Thankful for past favors, we invite you all to call and examine our new stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

E. E. BARR.

One door West of J. McMillan's Book Store, Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

April 27, 1860.

NEW HAT & CAP STORE.

M. R. Robinson, offers for sale at the new

HAT & STORE.

in Salem. (North side of Main Street, four doors

East of the Farmers Bank.)

HATS AND CAPS.

in great variety of style and material.

Call and examine his stock, and decide for yourself concerning the quality of his goods, and the reasonableness of his prices.

Salem, April 7th, 1860.

BOTANIC Medicines for Sale!

This subscriber offers for sale her entire stock of medicines, together with all the fixtures for preparing the same, at her residence on high street, Salem, Ohio.

C. L. CHURCH,

March 1st, 1860.

THE LATEST AND LARGEST OPENING

SPRING GOODS

NOW ON EXHIBITION IN SALEM, IS AT

THE CHEAP CORNER!

J. & L. SCHILLING,

Would announce to the public, that they are now opening the Spring Trade, by the introduction of a superb stock of

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS,

Which comprises all the Novelties ordinary or extraordinary, in the New York and Philadelphia Markets. In the way of

LADIES' DRESSES GOOD,

We have many new and beautiful fabrics

that can be found nowhere else, consequently it will be to your interest to

call before purchasing, as you

will be sure to get the latest

and best styles, at the

lowest prices,

Ladies if you

want a New and

Pretty Dress, a New

Style Shawl or Lace Point;

the latest mode in Bonnets,

THE AN-TISLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

THE 'ALLEGIANTES' IN THE PACIFIC.

GRAND CONCERT!—GRAND RESULTS!

The following is from Kororango, one of the Hervey Islands.

TRANS. JUN. 19th.—As soon as breakfast was over, we put off for the shore in one of the ship's boats. Hundreds of natives had already collected on the beach, at the only spot where boats could land. Our agents had pasted two of our large pictorial posters together and fastened them to the end of a pole in such a manner that they could be held aloft as we neared the shore. At the sight of this strange picture the eyes and the mouths of the natives seemed to open wider and wider as the boat approached the beach. Upon our stepping out of the boat, men, women and children immediately hemmed us in on all sides. We soon found a native who had been on two or three whaling voyages, and could speak a little English. We gave him several of our small bills, and explained to him our profession and business. He soon made it known to the crowd around. He then conducted us to the residence of Mr. Gill, the missionary, in whose house had letters of introduction from the Sandwich Islands. We found Mr. Gill at home, and he immediately gave us a most cordial welcome, as also did his most amiable lady. They were very anxious to hear us, but did not know how we could be remunerated for our trouble.

However, if we could be persuaded to take pigs, fowls, coco-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, pumpkins, and other productions of the island, for tickets of admission, they would guarantee a large attendance. This idea pleased our fancy, and wishing to have the honor of giving the first concert ever given in the Hervey Group of Islands, we more cheerfully consented to the plan. We immediately sent boat off to the ship to bring our musical instruments, strings, &c., ashore. In the meantime, Mr. Gill proposed that we should call on the King, exhibit his curiosity, and set his influence at work among the natives. He conducted us to the palace, a very comfortable one-story abode built house, with thatched roof, pleasantly situated in a large grove of coco-nuts and orange trees. As we were ushered in and introduced to the 'royal family,' which consisted of the King and Queen, and a Prince about ten years of age, we found them seated on a cane-bottom settee about twelve feet long, which they filled to its utmost capacity; they instantly arose from their seats and gave us a really hearty shake of the hand. At first sight, their great corpulence attracted our wondering gaze—the three I should think, would weigh about one thousand pounds.

After having obtained the 'royal command' to give a concert, and Mr. Gill promising us the use of the school house, which is a very large one-story building, we presented to their 'royal highnesses' a complimentary card of admission—then taking our hats, and barking ourselves to the door, bowing and scraping in the most respectful and approved courtly style, during this retrograde movement, we quitted the royal presence.

Our agent immediately got up a large 'poster,' announcing that

BY ROYAL COMMAND

King MAKEA V.,
and the

ROYALTY NOBILITY.

THE ALLEGIANTES

will give a

GRAND CONCERT

AT THE

SCHOOL HOUSE

THIS AFTERNOON, AT 4 O'CLOCK,

Jan. 19th, 1850.

Price of Admission—Ticket to admit one—1 hog, or 2 pigs, or 1 turkey, or 2 chickens, or 25 coco-nuts, or 20 pine-apples, or 2 bunches bananas, or 5 large pumpkins, or 2 baskets oranges—children half price.

By two o'clock our arrangements were so far completed that we commenced the sale of tickets. The place selected for this purpose was under a large thatched roof. The crowd around this spot had been gradually increased for an hour previous, and by this time the excitement had become intense; what with the squeaking of hogs and pigs, grunting of turkeys, crowing of chickens, and cackling of hens, rattling of coco-nuts, spilling and squashing of oranges and limes, the rolling of pumpkins under feet, taken all together with the babel-like jargon of the natives, formed the most laughable public excitement I ever witnessed; not excepting the excitement got up by Barnum's auction sales of choicerats at the Jenny Lind concert at Castle Garden, New York. The confusion was so great, the swine and poultry having evidently entered into the excitement with as much spirit and earnestness as the human population, all apparently ringing with each other in trying to make the most noise, that we found it would be impossible to stick to our 'regular prices' for tickets; so we concluded to take every thing that was brought with which to purchase tickets, and furnish every one with a ticket.

While it required twice of the ship's crew to receive the 'surprise,' placing each kind on its respective plate, that is, putting the hogs tied by the legs, in one place, the poultry, tied eight or ten together, in another, and the coco-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, pumpkins, oranges, &c., piled each kind by itself, it required four or five other persons to distribute tickets. Ticket distributor had a busy time of it, though their labors did not require any very great exertion.

By four o'clock, nineteen hundred and sixty-one tickets had been disposed of, and everything that had been offered in the way of pay had been received. The doors were now opened, and squeezing, tugging, pulling and pushing commenced—in an instant it seemed as if every one in that great throng was suddenly impressed with the idea that he must be the first one to enter the door, in order to get the best place; just the same as a similar number of individuals, collected together for a similar purpose, in our more civilized and enlightened 'down east' community—the crowd of savages having, however, one great advantage over the enlightened crowd, that is, they are in no danger of getting hogs stinked, clothing torn from their backs, or losing pocket-books, &c., they possess none of these little trivialities of fashion. In certain, they still cling to the fashions of 'the good old days of Adam and Eve.'

As soon as they were all inside of the concert room, and had become quiet, we commenced the concert by singing a lively quartette. With this scene by our hands. They are apparently very highly delighted, but it was evident from the looks and actions, that our bells, as it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible vine,

extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no uneasiness, but they are very much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their persons, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony, wear very low dresses. As in all barbarous nations, they slit their ears and suspend from them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes and fasten it up with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine-looking, if they did not disfigure themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eye-brows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, that we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which civilization and refinement would so much improve.

Nothing strikes us so much as the want of respect these barbarians show even to their highest dignitaries, they never hesitate to spit before them, and it requires considerable activity to prevent being spited upon at all times. The custom of wearing one sword, it seems, originated from this cause, as it enables you to avoid with greater facility the saliva of your neighbor. Chewing tobacco is much prized, it seems, from the salvia it produces, which is preserved, when possible, in handsome cases of porcelain, and placed in prominent positions. None of the inhabitants do reverence by crawling on their bellies, except after the election of a new Tycoon, when those in search of office come to the central city and perform that ceremony. Those who are fortunate enough to meet with honor from the Tycoon seldom walk upright during their whole term of office. The unfortunate applicants become as once censors or spies upon the others, and their once honor has to be bought at a high price. All public servants have their price, which rises or falls according to the necessities of the Tycoon. But I shall reserve my reflections on political topics till I have another opportunity to address you.

They also sang three or four hymn tunes, which they had been taught in their school—two of them were popular tunes, composed by one of their old music teachers, Lowell Mason. This is the fifth island we have visited in the Pacific, and on every one of which I have heard sung by the natives, the same old familiar home-tunes of Lowell Mason. As we left the school house to return to our home, at Mr. Gill's, about a half a mile distant the women and young girls rushed around Miss Hafford, all eager to clasp her in their arms and rub their noses against hers.—This rubbing of noses is a native custom, and indicative of their greatest love and affection. After nearly one hundred had embraced Miss H., in this, their most affectionate manner, and having rubbed the skin completely off on one side, so that each subsequent greeting was becoming more and more painful, she begged her this from Mr. Gill, to do her and take the 'will for the dead,' thanking them a thousand times for these unexpected tokens of their friendship. Many who were disappointed in their love, and who had been disappointed in this manner carried her in triumph all the way to Mr. Gill's house, accompanied by the largest procession of females (some seven or eight hundred) I ever saw—and their happy, smiling faces plainly denoted how great were their feelings of joy, and how delighted they were at this unexpected and mode of expressing them to the unknown half-holiday singing woman.)

Soon after the concert was over, I took a walk down to the market to examine the receipts. I easily believe the receipts, in bulk, of this concert, were the largest ever known. It occupied twenty-four hours one day and a half, with four large whale-boats, to get them on board ship, distant one mile from the shore.

In order to get at the amount of the receipts in dollars and cents, I have valued everything at about New York retail prices.

79 hogs at \$5 each	\$ 395.00
93 turkeys at \$1 each	93.00
110 chickens at 38cts. each	44.88
10,000 coco-nuts at 12cts. each	1,200.00
5,700 pine-apples at 12cts. each	684.00
418 bunches bananas, averaging 75 to the bunch, making 31,550 bananas at 6cts. each	1,891.00
2,700 oranges at 2cts. each	54.00
600 pumpkins, at 12cts. each	90.00
Limes, mangos, &c., about	25.00
Total,	\$5,896.08

As there was no expense attending the getting up of this concert, you will see at a glance, that if we had this immense quantity of tropical produce in New York to-day, and could sell it for the amount I have valued it at, we would have the same little sum of five thousand eighty-six dollars and eight cents. But we have not got it there!

BE BRIEF—CONDENSE.

Give the pitch, the cream, the marrow, the essence, the fire. Press your thoughts, pack them into everything to a burning, scorching focus, Avoid pretense, circumlocution, rush right into your subject at once. Begin before you think of it, and keep on dashing with all your might till you are done. So, also, in preaching, praying, exhorting, testifying, say what you have to say, and that you ought to say,—and stop!

A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and all projectile, and cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, and more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts closely together, and, though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and will be more likely make an impression.—*Golden Rule.*

BY. Beecher, referring to a green-house (the steeple, says "I never go past it without thinking. Thank you. They have no idea in the house how many there are that say this. Every child says it, everybody that is old says it; from each one that goes that way on an errand, a kind thought goes in for them; but we do not ring a bell to tell them of it."

ALL the military of the Province, ordinarily engaged in other avocations, will be in arms. This will enable us to report, from our own observation, upon the extent of the military power of this vast country. Do not fear that this large display will induce us to set aside that becomes the dignity of our nation, for although we have in our whole empire but 480,000 soldiers, they are fully equal to maintain our security, armed with two swords and entire devotion. There will also be a great exhibition of 'square' upon our arrival. These, it seems, are generally prominent on all such occasions, and have quite a novelty here.

The details of our reception by the American Tycoon you have in my former letter. He is called, not Tycoon, but 'President,' sometimes; however, by a strange analogy of language, 'old man.' I at first thought this an attempt to pronounce our Japanese phrase, but am assured that it is strictly idiomatic, and implies authority and age. It certainly seemed applicable to the head of the nation who received us.

We find it very difficult to comply with the demands of our sovereign, forbidding us to touch the women of this country. So far as my disposition on our part to disobey, but from their desire to concert by singing a lively quartette. With this scene by our hands. They are apparently very highly delighted, but it was evident from the looks and actions, that our bells, as it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible vine,

extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no uneasiness, but they are very much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their persons, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony, wear very low dresses. As in all barbarous nations, they slit their ears and suspend from them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes and fasten it up with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine-looking, if they did not disfigure themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eye-brows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, that we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which civilization and refinement would so much improve.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give I as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give I as the waves when their channel is riven; Give I as the free air and sunshine are given; Lastingly, utterly, curiously give.

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing;

Not a pale bud from the Jane rose's blowing.

Give I as thou givest me, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river

Wasting its love forever and ever,

Through the burnt sands that reward not the

giver.

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter the life as the Summer shower's pouring;

What if as bird through the pearl-pearl is soaring?

What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give I though thy heart may be wasted and

wearied;

Laid on as alter all ashes and dreary;

Though from its pulse a faint miseries

Beats to the soul the sad preface of fate,

Bind it with cords of unquenching devotion;

Smile at the song of its restless emotion;

Heal the stony hymn of eternity's ocean;

Heal I and in silence thy future await.

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